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THE NAVY.

IT IS FITTING that American holiday spirit should find joyous climax of expression in an historic welcome to the home-coming fleet.

Let the Navy have its well-earned part of the honors and the cheers.

There were no war correspondents with the battleships. There were no long despatches from the fleets to fill the columns of the newspapers and thrill Americans at home with accounts of the brave work the Nation's fighters were doing on sea.

In the great silent spaces, amid winter storms and the perils with which the enemy had beset even the fairest summer seas, the men of the Navy performed their tasks—unwatched, unheralded.

To convoy transports and cargo ships, to patrol waters infested with submarines, to hunt these deadly prowlers and take the chances of combat with them, to maintain, along with the British fleet, the mightiest blockade that ever rendered a nation's powerful warships powerless—these were the things the American Navy had to do and did.

Secrecy, silence, complete absence of publicity were first essentials of the job. The Navy, as one efficient whole, tackled that job and put it through with the quiet directness of a perfectly engined destroyer boring its way through wind and wave on a vital errand known only to those on board.

The satisfaction these men of the sea could take in their work was the satisfaction of doing it well. They could expect from those at home neither applause nor even knowledge of the big things they achieved. Yet unless they went on keeping the watches and delivering the blows that nobody heard about at the time, there could be no victory.

Let no one forget how formidable a weapon was the German U boat. Let nobody forget how much the German war lords staked on it, how determined they were that, whatever it cost in men, money, or national honor, it should win the war. Let no one forget the terrible ravages it made or the difficulties and dangers of meeting it.

To keep the German fleet bottled up in Kiel required massing of naval force and the last degree of watchfulness. To keep the Atlantic a practicable highway for the ferriage of troops and the constant movement of munitions and food, took an amount of unceasing activity—patrolling, convoying, submarine chasing and fighting—the hundredth part of which has not yet been hinted.

We know the never-to-be-forgotten work the American marines played in the land fighting that turned the Germans back from Paris. We know how the 14-inch guns of the American Navy, mounted on railroad trucks and moved with the American advance toward Metz, proved the most formidable heavy ordnance employed in the whole war.

What the American Navy has done on land needs no explaining.

With the return of the fleet Americans at home are especially eager to set hearty home cheers ringing in the ears of men whose duty he kept them on ships that had to be nameless, doing brave things that could not be told.

"I thank you again and again for the great part the Sixth Battle Squadron has played in bringing about the greatest naval victory in history."

That is the way the Commander in Chief of the British Grand Fleet felt about it as he bade farewell to the officers of the United States battleship squadron after the great German war vessels had come in like sheep being herded by dogs to their fold.

"These powerful ships (the American fleet arriving to-day), the equal of any in the world, in co-operation with the powerful British fleet, gave such a predominance of sea power in the North Sea that the German fleet dared not invite suicide by coming out and offering battle. They did not try conclusions because they knew there never was a fleet in being that could have had a chance of victory against the British and American fleet working together with the same signals and the same strategy as if they were of the naval power of a single nation."

Secretary Daniels thus emphasizes the capacity shown by the American Navy for perfect co-operation.

Such capacity is itself the highest proof of the intelligence, discipline and superb reliability the Nation has had at its service in the Navy throughout the war.

While Great Britain is outdoing itself in paying tribute to the United States for the welcome it extends to the President of the United States, let Americans show that even Britain's generous appreciation of the United States Navy was only a faint and fleeting foretaste of what is coming to that Navy as fast as it gets home.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A man seeing a lady cop for the first time the other day was heard to remark that she was a striking looking woman. He might have put it more elegantly by observing that she had an arresting personality.—Columbia State.

"Young men," remarked the Man on the Car, "think a great deal about love, while older men are letting their minds dwell on something to eat."—Toledo Blade.

"Though this is a fast age," remarked the Man on the Car, "there has been no change during the past forty years in the time it takes two lovers to say goodby."—Toledo Blade.

Opportunity never found the man who was looking for it in a poolroom.—Toledo Blade.

"The luck of fools" is merely Navy's explanation of the development of Success.—Philadelphia Record.

It's all over with Turkey but the picking.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Often, silence makes impatience seem to be patience.—Albany Journal

Some Kid!



How to Be a Better Salesman and Earn Bigger Pay

By Roy Griffith
The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship.
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"SALESMAN'S FRIGHT."

Q UITE a few of the letters I receive from salesmen—especially younger salesmen—ask for advice on how to overcome that peculiar trouble known as "salesman's fright." The letters all read about alike. Here is the substance of them:

"It seems to be a hard matter for me to approach a buyer, especially a big buyer. I am nervous and doubtful, but am usually all right after I get started."

"Salesman's fright" is nothing but a wrong state of mind combined with and perhaps produced by unpreparedness. The remedy lies in the substitution of the RIGHT state of mind and adequate preparation before going out to get business.

In analyzing this matter of an effective approach, we can sum it up in the one word, "confidence." Now we will have to analyze confidence and find out the things which produce it.

Summed up briefly, the factors which give a salesman confidence are:

1. Thorough knowledge of your goods and of the proposition you are presenting, an honest belief in your goods and your proposition, a belief in yourself, a knowledge of human nature, a good personal appearance, and a sincere desire to please.

2. It appears, then, that you must thoroughly prepare yourself before you can even hope to approach a prospective customer with any degree of success. Exactly. A salesman must be thoroughly schooled before he is allowed to make the initial incursion in an appendicitis case. You, as a salesman, are going to perform an operation on your prospect's pocketbook. Many people value their pocketbooks even more highly than they do their appendix.

3. Taking up in order these factors which make for confidence and which, therefore, make for a successful approach, you must first know your goods thoroughly and you must believe in their value. If you know your goods thoroughly, you know more about them than your prospect does, no matter how much he may know about things in general. Right away you have the jump on him. If you believe sincerely in your goods, you

know you are doing your prospect a favor, that you are conferring an actual benefit, by calling attention to your wares.

Next, you must believe in yourself, believe in your own ability. A man who does not believe wholeheartedly in himself and in his ability has no business in the selling field. As a matter of fact, the fellow who goes around apologizing because he is alive is not in very great demand anywhere.

The third factor in the successful approach is a thorough knowledge of human nature. It will be impossible to do more than refer to this in the present article. Let me say one thing, however. The world is full of "good fellows"—friendly, kindly people, poured from the same mould as you yourself. The biggest man you know has the same feelings and emotions

that you have. He has the same number of hands and feet and eyes. He is merely a replica of YOU.

The fourth point to remember is the value of a good personal appearance. A faultless appearance has a wonderful confidence-breeding effect. Good clothes add "pep." They give one a feeling of briskness. They arouse a spirit of energetic activity and put into a man that "conquer the world" feeling. When a salesman feels that every detail of his dress is speaking a good word for him, he feels well prepared to enter the fight for business.

The final point is, you must have a sincere desire to please. Without this all your knowledge and all your efforts will go for naught. You must really WANT to serve—to confer a benefit on your prospect.

These, then, are the things to remember if you would overcome "salesman's fright."

To-morrow—Actual sales problems solved. Letters from readers answered.

How Great Wars Were Ended

By Albert Payson Terhune
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NO. 16.—THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

THE ending of this war was the first mighty step toward the building of the future United States. At the time it seemed a mere colonial clash between two foreign powers. But it laid our country's foundations. Here is the story:

England's American colonies were stretched along the Atlantic Coast, from Maine to Georgia. It was a narrow fringe of settlements clinging precariously to the seaboard.

To the north in Canada, and farther to westward, inland, were the strong colonies of France. The French were masters of nearly all the present United States, except for that one narrow fringe along the Atlantic.

French politicians dreamed of turning all the Western Hemisphere into an overseas empire, to be known as "New France." Except for a few Spanish islands far to southward, nothing but the thin line of English colonies stood between France and this glittering dream of conquest.

The Indians had never been able to get along with the English. But these savages were warm admirers and allies of the French. The French and Indians proceeded to make the position of the English colonies more and more perilous.

The English sought in vain to curb the steady advance of French interests here. They even sent a diplomatic mission to the French in the person of a big and rawboned boy who traversed the winter wilderness to carry his message to the local representatives of France. The big boy was a Virginia surveyor and farmer—George Washington by name.

Presently the long series of feuds between the two nations settled into a bloody conflict known as "the French and Indian War."

For years it waged fiercely, devastating miles of new-settled country, and marked by some of the bitterest and most efficient fighting of the century.

France's chief American stronghold was the cliff-top city of Quebec, which the English assailed in vain. At last, in September 1759, the British General, Wolfe, took his forces by stealth up the cliff below the city and attacked the French on the Plains of Abraham in a battle that cost him his life, but which won Quebec for England and which led to the winning of the French and Indian war.

The capture of Quebec broke the backbone of French power in America. It was followed quickly by a peace conference between the two battling powers; a conference whose terms marked out, in a way, the first boundaries of the unborn United States.

Briefly, the result of the French and Indian war was to give Canada and other territory to England; to cede Louisiana (temporarily) to Spain, which had been France's ally in the war, and to deprive France of every inch of her once vast possessions in the Western Hemisphere, except French Guiana and a few West Indian islands.

So ended the golden vision of a "New France." So, too, the imperilled little fringe of English colonies along the Atlantic coast were enabled to grow and develop unchecked. No longer threatened with destruction, these colonies prospered and gained size and strength.

They did more. The colonists had just learned warfare in a hard and practical school. On them, rather than on England's regular army, had fallen the brunt of battle. And to them, largely, was the credit for victory.

The colonists had learned to fight. They had had a lesson in defending themselves against stronger aggressors. Such men were not minded to endure tyranny from anyone.

They had saved the colonies for England. So, when England's German King sought to oppress them, they rebelled. Having saved the country for England they now proceeded to save it for themselves and their children, and to weld the thirteen scattered colonies into the mightiest and most united nation the world has ever known.

French Masters of New World.

Louisiana Ceded to Spain.

Who received five lounging robes that you will never wear. Doubtless you have been disappointed in expecting something from some one who has failed you.

In a word, if you are unhappy or very unhappy, just reflect on this: What have you done to deserve your unhappy state?

This is a day of retrospection. While you are counting your presents and your blessings, don't fail to number your shortcomings.

Stevenson was right. There is a great law of compensation. It is not a Christmas event, but works every day in the year.

Just as you plant your harvest of happiness, so will you reap the golden grain. So long as you stay in the ditch of discontent you will reap the whirlwind of weeds.

It is the scheme of balances. It is perchance you are one of those who all the time. Never mind that

carrying on dreadful. Now look at him, he's as mild as a lamb."

And so he was, if dancing around the table and crying aloud that he was trained for the tanks and his motto was "Treat 'Em Rough!" was a symptom of a tempered character.

The head waiter beamed with satisfaction.

"I'm glad to see you are enjoying yourself, sir," he said to Mr. Jarr. "Why, do you know, the people think you are some celebrated munitio profiteer."

And the head waiter's tones seemed to imply that praise could go no further.

In vain Mrs. Jarr suggested it was time to go home. In vain old Mr. Smith called the passing hours and complained that he felt ill. Mr. Jarr refused to permit the gayety to flag till daylight; the child-bridge, Clara Mudridge-Smith, insisted the night, like herself, was still young.

"It's the 'shimmy'—I should say that jazz 'pegnor' music—that merrily maddened me!" Mr. Jarr explained.

And he grinned all the way home in the Smith motor car, but nobody except fair Mrs. Mudridge-Smith was speaking to him by then.

The Jarr Family

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The Place Where a Good Spender Can Do No Harm.

M R. JARR jumped to his feet and cried merrily, "Hurrah! I'm going to dance the 'shimmy'!"

"The restaurant cabaret jazz orchestra was bursting forth into a blaring cacophony in imitation of a boiler factory speeding up war orders."

"Heads," said the head waiter coming over, "this cannot be permitted!"

"Your actions are scandalous, sir!" cried old Mr. Smith, dotting his forehead with the tip of his cane.

"I cannot be permitted at all, to dance the 'shimmy,'" continued the head waiter. "There is no excuse for it!"

The dashing Clara Mudridge-Smith tossed her head. "Society people dance it," she said.

"Look what the other people around here have been doing! I saw some of them dancing it too," remarked Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr, ex-Naval Reserve Ensign Silver, together with old man Smith, still seemed greatly shocked.

"But your table had no wine," said the waiter. "Of course, we know Mr. Smith is a responsible party, and we

The Day After Christmas

By Sophie Irene Loeb
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It Was the Spirit and the Heart Behind the Gift That Really Counted.

AND now it is all over! And you have a sign of relief. The worry of Christmas shopping and Christmas gifts is over and pigeon-holed for another year."

You are so tired that you have been right now to make a resolution that you will commence next week to buy for next year.

You are glad to-day because you have received so many beautiful presents that you did not expect. Your heart is still warm with the gladness of yesterday over it all.

Your boss has given you a splendid check of appreciation or promoted you. It may be that the one you love best in all the world has met your expectations.

So, just to humor the "shimmy"—music-maddened Mr. Jarr, the tables were brought together, wine was ordered, and the head waiter, satisfied that the proprieties would now be observed, withdrew. The music now struck up "That Suffocating Kiss" and the contretemps had passed.

It was a first-class establishment, and no unseemly conduct was tolerated on the part of sober people. Noise with tea was rowdyism, but a "wine party" is a sacred thing in a high priced cabaret and the good spenders can do no wrong.

Mr. Jarr, exulted in the freedom of his own frankness.

"You say something to him, Clara," whimpered old man Smith to his wife. "He'll listen to you."

"There!" said the child-bridge, "the orchestra is playing 'The T. N. T. Blues.' Won't you dance it with me?"

"Sure," cried Mr. Jarr. "On with the revels!" And up they got and danced a restrained variety of what Mr. Jarr called "the peignoir."

"It's wonderful what influence innocence will have on the most hardened wretch," remarked old Mr. Smith. "A minute ago and that man Jarr was